Ferd. Berowne is like an enuious ſneaping Froſt,
That bites the firſt borne Infants of the Spring.
Ber. Well, ſay I am, why ſhould proud Summer boaſt,
Before the birds haue any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I ioy in any abortiue birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a roſe,
Then wiſh a Snow in Mayes new fangled ſhowes:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon growes.
So you to ſtudie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the houſe to vnlocke the gate.
Fer. Well, ſit you out, goe home *Berowne*: adue.
Ber. No my good Lord, I haue ſworne to ſtay with you:
And though I haue for Barbariſme ſpoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue ſworne,
And bide the penance of each three yeares daye.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the ſame,
And to the ſtricteſt decrees Ile write my name.
Fer. How well this yeelding reſcues thee from ſhame.
Ber. Item. That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my Court.
Hath this beene proclaimed?
Lon. Foure dayes agoe.
Ber. Let's ſee the penaltie.
On paine of loſing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?
Lon. Marry that did I.
Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?
Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law againſt gentilitie.
Item, If any man be ſeene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeeres, he ſhall endure ſuch publike ſhame, as the reſt of the Court ſhall poſſibly deuiſe.
Ber. This Article my Liedge your ſelfe muſt breake,
For well you know here comes in Embaſſie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your ſelfe to ſpeake:
A Maide of grace and compleate maieſtie,
About ſurrender vp of *Aquitaine*:
To her decrepit, ſicke, and bed-rid Father,

Therefore thi
Or vainely co
Fer. Wha
Why, this wa
Ber. So ſt
While it doth
It doth forget
And when it
'Tis won as to
Fer. Wee
She muſt lye
Ber. Nece
Three thouſa
For euery ma
Not by might
If I breake fai
I am forſworn
So to the Law
And he that b
Stands in atta
Suggeſtions a
But I beleeue
I am the laſt t
But is there no
Fer. I that
With a refined
A man in all t
That hath a mi
One, who the
Doth rauiſh l
A man of com
Haue choſe as
This childe of
For interim to
In high-borne
From tawny *S*
How you delig
But I proteſt I
And I will vſe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY